Thine in the deareſt deſigne of induſtrie.

Don Adriano de Armatho.

Thus doſt thou heare the Nemean Lion roare,
Gainſt thee thou Lambe that ſtandeſt as his pray:
Submiſſiue fall his princely fe et before,
And he from forrage will incline to play.
But if thou ſtriue)poore foule) what art thou then?
Foode for his rage, repaſture for his den.

Qu. What plume of feathers is he that indited this Letter?
What veine? What Wethercocke? Did you euer heare better?

Boy I am much deceiued, but I remember the ſtile.

Qu. Elſe your memory is bad, going ore it ere while.

Boy. This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keepes here in court
A Phantaſime a Monorcho, and one that makes ſport
To the Prince and his Booke-mates.

Qu. Thou fellow, a word.
Who gaue thee this Letter?

Clow. I told you my Lord.

Qu. To whom ſhould'ſt thou giue it;

Clow. From my Lord to my Lady.

Qu. From which Lord, to which Lady.

Clo. From my Lord *Berowne* a good matter of mine,
To a Lady of *France*, that he call'd *Roſaline*.

Qu. Thou haſt miſtaken his Letter. Come Lords away.
Heere ſweet, put vp this, 'twill be thine another day. *Exeunt.*

Boy. Who is the ſhooter? Who is the ſhooter?

Roſa. Shall I teach you to know.

Boy. I my continent of Beautie.

Roſa. Why ſhe that beares the Bow. Finely put off.

Boy. My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marrie,
Hang me by the necke, if hornes that yeare miſcarrie.
Finely put on.

Roſa. Well then, I am the ſhooter.

Boy. And who is your Deare?

Roſa. If we chooſe by the hornes, your ſelfe come not neare.
Finely put on indeede.

Maria. You ſtill wrangle with her *Boyet*, and ſhe ſtrikes at the brow.

Boyet.

Boyet. But ſhe her ſelfe is hit lower.
Haue I hit her now.

Roſa. Shall I come vpon thee with an old ſayin
man when King *Pippin* of *France* was a little boy,
the hit it.

Boyet. So I may anſwere thee with one as old th
man when Queene *Guinouer* of *Brittaine* was a lit
touching the hit it.

Roſa. Thou canſt not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canſt not hit it my good man.

Boy. I cannot, cannot, cannot:
And I cannot, another can.

Clo. By my troth moſt pleaſant, how both did

Mar. A marke maruellous well ſhot, for they

Boy. A Mark, O marke but that marke: a marke ſa
Let the marke haue a pricke in't, to meat at, if it m

Mar. Wide a'th bow hand, yfaith your hand is

Clo. Indeede a'muſt ſhoote nearer, or heele ne're

Boy. And if my hand be out, then belike your h

Clow. Then will ſhe get the vpſhoot by cleauing

Ma. Come, come, you talke greaſily, your lip

Clow. She's too hard for you at pricks, ſir cha
boule.

Boy. I feare too much rubbing: good night m

Clo. By my ſoule a Swaine, a moſt ſimple Clow
Lord, Lord, how the Ladies and I haue put him do
O my troth moſt ſweet ieſts, moſt inconie vulgar
When it comes ſo ſmoothly off, ſo obſcenely, as it
Armathor ath to the ſide, O a moſt dainty man.
To ſee him walke before a Lady, and to beare her
To ſee him kiſſe his hand, and how moſt ſweetly
And his Page at other ſide, that handfull of wit,
Ah heauens, it is moſt patheticall nit.
Sowla, ſowla.

Shoote with him.

Enter Dull, Holofernes, the Pedant and N

Nat. Very reuerent ſport truely, and done in
of a good conſcience.